

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 21

"Manners"

CHAPTER
04



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 20: "Manners"

Based on an Original story by Heyall
Illustrations by NGT Visual Studio

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"In other words,
you gave your son
a hand job?"
Carol inquired.



Bridget blushed.

"I guess you can call it that. But I like to think of it more as a sensual massage. He needed relief and I gave it to him. No big deal."

"No big deal? You made him cum."

She shrugged in defeat.

"I know, it's bad. But I don't regret it."



"That's so wild. I've heard stories like this before, and I've always assumed that they were all made up."

"And what kinds of stories would you be referring to?" Bridget asked with a mischievous tone.



"You know exactly what I mean. Stories involving mothers who take sexual care of their sons when they turned 18. Those kinds of stories. I've heard rumors of other moms doing it back when I was in the PTA."



"Some moms would gossip about how the other ladies would sleep with their sons before they headed off to college. I never believed any of it until now."



"That certainly sounds like one heck of a good graduation present," she joked back.

"Admit it, Bridget," her friend smiled.

"You enjoyed what you did with Tom last night. Plus, I know you well enough to tell that you're holding out on a few juicy details."



Bridget tried her best to control her laughter.

"Well, I'll admit that this whole thing is absurd, and that I've crossed a few boundaries that I shouldn't have."



"That's a yes isn't it?" Carol asked with a raised eyebrow. "You enjoyed stroking your son's cock, didn't you?"
"There's no quit in you is there?"



Carol shook her head.

"Not when it comes to something as naughty as this. You know how much I love gossip."

"Promise you won't tell anyone?"
Bridget asked seriously.



"And I mean you won't tell anyone. This stays strictly between you and me. The last thing I need is for my reputation to be ruined."



"I swear it. I know I've got a big mouth sometimes, but when it comes to things like this, I know how to keep a secret. Believe me, all of this is safe."

Bridget leaned forward
and whispered something
in her ear,
to which Carol's eyes widened
and her mouth watered
with a growing sense
of lust.

CHAPTER 04

The sun was still out
when Bridget cooked dinner
early that evening.
She was making her son's
favorite dish when
he arrived home.



"Smells good," he said as he approached the kitchen.

"I certainly hope so, it's my specialty," she replied while continuing to stir the sauce.

"So, how was your day, mister?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. I thought about you a lot though."



Her eyebrows raised,

"Is that right?"

"You probably don't want to hear that, but it's the truth. Last night was something I would never forget. Do you think we can do it again soon?"



Bridget was caught off guard that her son had suddenly become so nonchalant and brazen about their incestuous activity together.

"I want to talk to you about that," she said, turning her undivided attention to her son.



"I may have gone a little overboard last night. But I feel as though I've made my point, which was for you to treat a lady properly and with respect."

"You seemed like you enjoyed it though," he replied.



Bridget looked away and continued stirring the sauce. She absolutely enjoyed giving her son a handjob and eating his cum afterward, but she didn't want him to know it.

"That's irrelevant. I'm sure you can find a pretty girl at your college to take care of your needs for you."



"I'm not interested in them. I'm only interested in you."



His words surprised her.
And she was even more astonished
when Tom walked directly behind her
while she was facing the stove, and he
reached out and cupped her breasts
through her tshirt.
"Tom!" she shouted. "Haven't you
learned anything?"



"I have," he replied, starting to massage her breasts. "But I can't help it, I've been thinking about you all day."

"We need to talk about this. Have a seat in the dining room."

"Are you mad?" he asked. "I didn't mean to offend you."



"No, I'm not mad. Just sit down for a moment."



They both sat in the dining room facing each other. She had a serious look and Tom was expecting to be scolded. But the truth was, Bridget felt as conflicted as ever.



"When you're in a romantic relationship, then you get to touch a woman like that," she continued.

"But it still has to be with her consent. She has to want it. In this case, I'm your mother and certain things must remain off limits."



"I know, but I honestly thought you'd like it. It felt so good last night and I wanted to repay the favor."

Bridget tried her best to hold back a smile. Tom's reply was the sweetest thing anyone had said to her in a while, and she always had a soft spot for that kind of talk.



"You must really like my breasts," she grinned, already knowing the answer.

"They're perfect. They're even better than the ones I've seen online. I wanted to feel them last night, but I was too afraid to ask."

"Do you still want
to touch them?"

His eyes lit up
and he nodded.

"If you're interested
...I mean...
only if you don't mind
me doing it."





Bridget lifted her tshirt along with her bra so that her breasts were on full display.

She gently jiggled her breasts for her son to see and her large pink nipples quickly stiffened from arousal.



"As long as you're respectful about this," she said with a playful smile.

"I never said that I didn't want to do this for you. All you have to do is ask."

"Then can I touch them mom?" he asked nervously.



"You may. But, be gentle. My nipples are sensitive, so don't squeeze them too tightly. I like them just being rubbed."



Tom followed his mother's advice, and with both hands, he reached out and stroked his mother's breasts. He had done things with a few girls, but none of them were as desirable or as attractive as his own mother.



For Bridget, being touched by her son was an unusual thrill. Having her breasts massaged had always been a turn on for her. But right then, what really got her going was the look on her son's face. His eyes were glued to her breasts, as if he were hypnotized.



"You seem to be enjoying yourself, young man," she said, breaking the awkward silence.

His hands never stopped moving, and his eyes never looked away.

"I am. I really really enjoy them."

"I'm glad. Your hands feel nice against my skin. You have a soft touch."



"Will you touch me, too? It's starting to hurt."

Bridget gave her son a stern motherly look.

"Fine. Stand up a little so I can pull your shorts down."

She pulled his clothes down
when he stood slightly,
then he sat when his shorts
fell around his ankles.
He continued fondling
his mother's breasts
as she touched his bare,
erect penis.



"You weren't kidding about it starting to hurt," she said to him. "This thing is as hard as a rock."

"I know. I woke up late and didn't have time to take care of myself. Plus I wanted tonight to be extra special."

"You were saving your cum for me?"



He nodded.

"Yeah, you seemed to like it when I came in your mouth last night."



A sudden pang of guilt came over her. Even through all her arousal, she knew this was wrong, but it felt so good, and her pussy wanted her to continue, and so did Tom's stiff cock.

"We can't keep doing this forever... But, I don't see a problem with us having a special night again.."



Her hands stroked up and down his shaft with a firm grip. The tips of her thumbs teased the throbbing head of his cock and he was on his way to a certain orgasm.

"Can you put it between your tits?" he asked.

Bridget was shocked,
but she didn't want
to make a fuss
about it.
She did promise
a 'special night,'
after all.



So, she touched the cock from the base and pressed it against the center of her chest. Then she clasped her tits around it. Looking up, she saw Tom in a state of disbelief. This is an important lesson, she thought to herself. Her son needs to know how to titty-fuck a woman.



"Is this something you've wanted to do?" she asked.

Tom nodded.

"I see it a lot in porn. It's always interested me."

"Makes sense. It's important to remember that a woman's breasts are soft and should be treated tenderly."



"Real life is different from pornography. Also, breasts are sensitive, especially around the nipple area. Women can enjoy this too if done correctly."

"Yes, mom," he breathed.



Bridget felt proud of herself for giving this lesson, as her breasts are squeezed together against her son's stiffening cock.

The grip is firm and she strokes Tom's dick with her soft flesh.



She felt the warmth of her son's dick between her breasts, how it pulsed in rhythm with every movement she did. Every so often she would look at the cock, seeing the precum forming at the tip.



It was so close to her mouth and she wondered what it would taste like, would it be so sweet as the cum she taste before?

But she pushed those inappropriate thoughts away, focusing on the breast-fucking she's giving her son.



"Mom...Will you put it in your mouth again?"

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